Dear Mama:

I received your letter tonight, and surely would have been disappointed if it hadn’t come. Not that I expected it at all, oh no. You see I just gave up expecting mail, early last week, and used to attend mail call to keep in practice. But tonight, however, I felt that I was to get something and sure enough! I was not disappointed. It was some letters too. I understand now why your letters were so far apart. The best one I received was on the day after Christmas, and you know what that was.

How did Mother and Dad stand up? It must have been a terrible strain. Wasn’t it nice though, that Dad’s friends are still with him. They say that “Old friends are best friends,” but every one I ever met who knew Dad, had none but the best to say for him.

How do you like the country in the winter time? It certainly is a great place, but under your circumstances, things must have seemed different.
You know I am living in the country. Richmond Hill little town too. All the people seem to look up to them. Different from the Northern aspect. The first acquaintance I made in the town was with the priest. What do you suppose he asked me? Have you any relations in Iowa? Well, not that I know of. I said. Then he told me he had a very particular friend out there, named James McElroy. What do you know about that?

Well, things are not actually hopping around here. The boys attending classes have their hands full. Nine hours of school a day, lectures and homework at night. You don't think I am lying, for when yours truly is not clicking, he is going like everything. It's no cinch, this business of soldiering, and the people who said "soldiers crave books to read, in their spare hours," must have been sick. We all are getting to be expert caretakers of our selves. Wash anything from the floor up, and make anything from an aero plane to a bed. This real school is running an intensified course, so we are not planning on spending the summer here.

May, I have not yet written to Mr. and Mrs. Foster. Well, give kindly say a few words to them. For me, until I can scratch off a line or two. Tell them both I appreciate their thoughtfulness.
and will surely write. They are not forgotten, just down on the list.

Mrs. Crosby has not been heard from. I think I wrote her a letter. I wrote to Jeff Crafton, but he won't get it before the 4th of July, I suppose. The day before yesterday I got two letters one from Mrs. and one from Ruth Mangle. I also wrote to John Mangle, Gerry Cleary, and Ed Mangle. Neil's destination was unknown to me so I sent a letter to his house to be forwarded. Call by and see if his folks got it. Mrs. Mangle sent me Neil's address since then. Oh, Gee! I wish I had a "stereo." How do think I'll make out? Gee! I never thought I'd ever have to use a "type."

We are not suffering from the cold here, but I could use a pair of heavy socks. Also send my ear caps from somewhere in my bureau; also that white sweater front, that you gave me years ago. All the old gloves you find in the drawer. I am going to spend a dollar for a wollen cap, and a dollar and a quarter for a pair of those sheep...
skinoccensions like I gave Mrs. All.
this I am going to spend when I get
paid. I also owe the Government three
dollars for can'ten checks, which I bought
at Stocum, and a quarter for a spoon which
I lost. The rest 1'll send home (when
1 get it)

Now I'll close before I get to
writing, as I do often do,

Hoping that you, Mother Dad, Essie,
and Aunt Em, and all the friends who
have been good to us, are well, I remain
As ever,
Your troublesome Caddie

Dad.

Ma, don't feel so bad about my
enlistin', do she? Surely if you all
know how we're getting along you'd want
be here. If ever I get any way near
enlist again I'm going to bring the family
home. He's a real pal, and we're planning
on a great trip. He's a real southerner
from Georgia. Smart? Been appointed an
instructor already. Knows everything
about motors, and he is funny.
Miss Mary C. Mcelligott
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From E.R. McEligott
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Chanute Field
Pentacle, Ill.